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New York after his father, Reino Hayhanen, had walked into the American Embassy in Paris and surrendered. Abel was convicted of transmitting military secrets to the

United States, although his living quarters of the White House, mixing with 100 guests invited to a party honoring the President's birthday.

The man who played the key role in the exchange of the two spies was James B. Donovan, of the firm of Waters & Donovan, 161 William St., New York, Abel's court-appointed lawyer. Over the last several months, Mr. Donovan acted as an intermediary for the United States government. He had received letters suggesting the swap from a mysterious woman in East Germany who signed her name "Hellen Abel."

Mr. Donovan is former general counsel to the war-time Office of Strategic Services. In mid-January, with the approval of the Justice Department and President Kennedy, he flew to Berlin to arrange the details. The President commuted Abel's sentence and the bespectacled colonel in the KGB, the Soviet secret police, was spirited out of Atlanta Penitentiary and flown to Berlin on Thursday.

Only last Tuesday, a Justice Department spokesman had denied rumors of an impending Powers-Abel swap.

Mr. Powers' wife, Barbara, of Milledgeville, Ga., and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Powers, of Pound, Va., were delighted at the news, which came as a complete surprise.

CIA agents wanted to get Mr. Powers' family to the

whispered conversations in corners between such men as Charles E. Bohlen, State Department Soviet expert; Mr. George Bundy, special assistant to the President for national security; Pierre Salinger, White House news secretary, and the President. Mrs. Kennedy retired about 2 a. m. but the President stayed up.

Shortly before 3 a. m. Mr. Salinger, still in a smoking jacket, slipped over to the phone to wait for the phone call that would mean the swap had been consummated.

Near Final Act

At that hour, on the ice spanning Lake Warnow at a point where the American sector borders on the east coast of Germany, the drama was nearing its final act. Shortly after 6 a. m. time, according to reports from West Berlin, about 100 American cars drove up to the border. German-made sedan and civilian license plates.

The weather was chilly. A few lonely figures on the banks of the Havel watched curiously, but in West Berlin, on the border, one did not ask questions. The